



TOMMY.

(By C. H. Armstrong.)

Tommy is a small brown turtle, and lives in his master's back yard. He is not the kind of turtle that lives in water, but the kind that lives on the land and loves to crawl slowly through the damp grass or small bushes that hang close to the ground, turning his curious head slowly from side to side and pausing between steps to snap up a fly or an ant, or to take a bite from some choice leaf that grows within his reach.

But Tommy hasn't always lived in his master's back yard. He was brought there from the country a long time ago. At first he was very unhappy, for whichever way he turned, there was a great fence many times higher than Tommy, with his short legs, could ever hope to climb

would have preferred his new home to the one up among the New Hampshire hills.

All the trouble in Tommy's small life was brought about by Rex. Rex was a fine, lively spaniel, with long, glossy ears and a curly coat, who also belonged to Tommy's master.

To be sure, Rex went out a great deal with his master and had a great many important things to attend to, but he found time for play sometimes, and above all things, Rex loved play. Now there was only one place where Rex could play, and that was in Tommy's back yard; and there was only one thing in the yard for him to play with, and that was Tommy, at least so Rex thought. But Tommy didn't care for playmates or for play. He was quite contented to be left alone to wander among the flowers and grasses, and enjoy the bright sunshine and pick up crumbs and flies. But when Rex

when he was frightened, and wait for the terrible monster, whatever he might be, to go away. But Rex had no idea of going away; goodness, no! He was becoming more and more interested every minute and wagging his tail harder and harder until it seemed as if it must break off. Finally, he began to grow tired of waiting for Tommy to come out, so he planted his great front paw down hard on Tommy's back. But Tommy was only more frightened than ever, and drew himself up farther and farther into his shell. Then Rex planted both feet on Tommy's back again and again, and jumped and ran round and round Tommy—dancing on his hind legs and barking in high glee—and rolled Tommy over and over with his nose and paws, until finally John, the butler, came and called Rex into the house.

Poor Tommy! After such a tumbling it is no wonder that he wished

But Tommy didn't care so much about the appetite if only he could keep awake. For when, on these bright October afternoons, he lay by the edge of the rose bushes and chanced to fall into a doze in spite of himself, Rex, the rascal, was sure to find him out, and then another tumbling followed—for, of course, Tommy was too sleepy to get out of the way.

"Oh, dear!" thought Tommy, "if Rex would only let me alone. If he knew how sleepy I am, I'm sure he would." But Rex didn't know how sleepy Tommy was, and I'm afraid he wouldn't have cared if he had known, for Rex couldn't understand, for the life of him, why in the world anybody should care to sleep when there was fun to be had.

And so affairs stood until one day a bright idea occurred to Tommy. Feeling more sleepy than usual he resolved to go away up close into the corner of the yard, between the high fence and the wild sage bushes, and dig down into the soft earth where Rex could never find him and then sleep to his heart's content. And so he did; and for nearly a whole month he had slumbered soundly and Rex looked for him in vain, when one day, as Rex was sniffing along the fence and among the low bushes, he came suddenly upon something that surprised him very much. He could hardly believe his senses, but, sure enough, it was one of Tommy's feet sticking up above the dirt! For I must tell you that Tommy had become so sleepy and had found the fresh, warm earth so soothing, that before he had quite hidden himself in it he fell sound asleep with his feet still sticking out in plain view and so it was that Rex found him after all.

But it was no use for Rex to try to awaken Tommy now; for he had begun his long winter nap. Soon the kind old lady, Tommy's mistress, came out into the yard and called Rex away. She put more soft earth over Tommy's bed and covered it all over with leaves and twigs, and then the snow came falling down and buried Tommy deeper than ever; and there he will sleep until the warm sun steals in over the great fence and melts away the snow, and the soft spring breezes begin to rustle the tree tops, and the little buds on the wild sage bushes begin to open. Then Tommy will awake and look for his old friends again.—Kindergarten Review.

Piggy-Wiggy.

"Mamma! Mamma! See what I have here!" cried little Kitty Cole, running into the sitting room, where her mother was quietly reading the morning paper.

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"A dear, darling little piggy-wiggy mamma. Just see what a beautiful pink nose he has and such a cute mouth, and look at his curlabout tail!"

"But, Kitty, this isn't a place for pigs."

"Mamma, this is such a little baby why couldn't I make believe he's a doll and dress him up in some of Rosabella's clothes? Please, mamma," and the little girl looked at her mother so pleadingly she was irresistible, especially as Mrs. Cole realized what Kitty didn't think of—that the little animal would not be likely to have access to the house very long. She said nothing, however, determining to let her five-year-old daughter find out for herself that Piggy-Wiggy, for that was the name at once given him, would soon be beyond wearing doll's clothes or being rocked to sleep in Rosabella's wicker cradle.

So Kitty held Piggy-Wiggy very tenderly and slipped his little body into Dolly's largest, most comfortable garments, and when her cap strings were fastened under his chin he made a very funny sight indeed.

His food consisted of milk, which he drank very easily from a small-necked bottle, and Kitty became so devoted to her live plaything that she would only part from him at night when he was laid in bed, snugly covered with a warm blanket, and left in the woodhouse till morning. Surely Uncle John had never thought when he gave the pig to his small niece that she would invest the gift with such importance.

Kitty had possessed her pet but about a week when she suddenly exclaimed:

"I declare, Piggy, I can't make Rosabella's dress fit you right! What is the matter? Keep still, sir! Stop blinkin' your eyes at me, and do stop your squeals, too. There's nothin' for you to scold about. I can't get your belt buttoned. Oh, dear! What shall I do? Oh, mamma, Piggy Wiggy's getting so queer—he don't wear his dresses right any more!"

Mrs. Cole looked very much amused, but still kept silent, beyond suggesting that Kitty might enlarge the dress belt by tying strings in the buttonholes.

Piggy Wiggy cried for his bottle opener, too, than he did at first, and his little mistress soon begged for a new tin cup for him, but before long he emptied it so quickly that she asked for something larger, so was given a quart pan, which he emptied several times a day, and ere long demanded fresh supplies. Meantime his sides grew rounder, his nose longer, and he shortly promised to be too big for Rosabella's cradle by day, and his bed at night had to be changed for a larger box.

His requirements became so great before another month had passed that Kitty was more than willing when the warm weather came to put him outdoors in a little pen, and soon he was given the run of the orchard.

MARIA MOTT.

A Good Book Motto.

Now all you little children
Who read these pages through,
Remember books have feelings
As much as each of you;

So do not tear the pictures out,
Leave each one where it fits;
For mister, though he makes your books,
Will not pick up the bits.

—F. E. Weatherly.

Real Sanitary Barber Shop.

One of the first modern sanitary barber shops to be established anywhere has been installed in the Union station in Indianapolis. The barbers even take sanitary breakfasts before they go to work in the morning. Garlic eaters are barred. In the barber's shop the place of

honor is occupied by a nickel-plated sterilizing oven, in which the proprietor keeps the towels. These towels are washed in a sanitary solution.

After each using, the razors are sterilized by being dipped in alcohol and formaldehyde. Then they go in the sanitary oven, too, till wanted. The barbers wash their hands with Castile soap and dry them on the sterilized towels immediately before waiting on each new customer. It doesn't matter if the customer is in a hurry. Wash before shaving is the rule.

Shaving brushes are cleaned in hot water, soaked in alcohol and formaldehyde, and again washed.

A new piece of soap is used for each customer and the shaving cream is scalded and disinfected each time it is used. The hairbrushes, metal backs and are cleaned, also using, like the shaving brushes.

Clean linen covers are placed on the chairs each morning and removed on the stroke of 12. Each customer gets a sterilized towel for his head besides.

The barbers are warned not to chew tobacco, and are expected to brush their teeth. There is no rule against conversation. Sanitary topics, however, prevail.—Ex.

Out on Bail.

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Kingston, Ont., May 30.—E. J. Sharp, the schoolboy held on the charge of manslaughter for shooting a girl schoolmate, has been released on \$5,000 bail.

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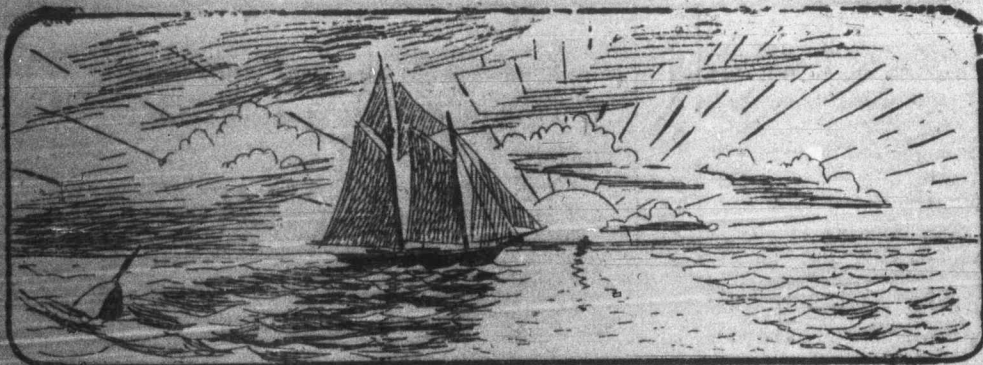
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over; and Tommy didn't like to lose his freedom. But, after a while, he began to like his new home and to feel quite contented and happy, because it was pleasant in many ways. All down the centre of the fong yard was a fine grass-plot, fresh and green and around the edge grew a row of just such bushes and flowers as Tommy loved to ramble in; and always, in the cold mornings, the warm sun came streaming in above the house tops. Then, too, when the hot summer afternoon came and everything was dry and dusty and Tommy was very uncomfortable, John, the butler, would often bring the garden hose and sprinkle the lawn, flowers and bushes with cool, refreshing water; and all this made Tommy very happy. Besides John often threw out odd bits of things that Tommy liked to eat; and so Tommy became more and more contented and, except for one thing,

came into the yard, Tommy had to crawl away off in some corner out of sight, and stay there until Rex was gone. And so he came to wish that Rex never would come into the yard at all.

Tommy's first introduction to Rex was very funny; that is, it was funny for Rex. As for poor Tommy, he was nearly frightened out of his wits. Rex came bounding into the yard for a frolic one morning, just as Tommy was finishing his breakfast, and before Tommy could hide away behind the bushes, Rex had spied him. Rex had never seen such a curious creature before, but he lost no time in trying to get acquainted. He ran straight up to Tommy and stood wagging his tail and waiting to see what Tommy would do. Tommy was too much frightened to do anything but draw his legs, tail and head up into his stout shell just as far as he could, as he always did

himself back among the old hills where there were no dogs to tease him. You may be sure that he was very careful not to let Rex catch him away from the bushes often after that.

But, by and by, when Tommy had become better acquainted with Rex and had learned that he was only in fun, Tommy wasn't so much afraid of him. And, although Tommy never learned to play as Rex did, he managed to enjoy himself quite well through the lovely summer weather and until one day in autumn, when the leaves had fallen from the bushes and all the flowers had gone to sleep. Then a very strange thing happened to Tommy.

He began to be sleepy, like the leaves and flowers; so sleepy that he could hardly keep awake. Then, too, his appetite began to fail so that he no longer cared for the choice bits that John, the butler, threw him.



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